THE FANATIQUE POWDER-PLOT,

OR THE

Design of the RUMPERS and their Adherents, to destroy both *Parliament* and *People*.

With a Caution against *forged Intelligence*.

THat this Nation hath been long miserable, under the power of a *violent* and *Restlesse Faction*, is clear to all such as are endued with *Memory*, and *Reason*: nor is it more *superfluous*, to reflect upon their *pass'd Miscariages*, than *Necessary* to take some notice of their *Later cheats*, and *Insolencies*. Their *Design* was, *to fix themselves in a Perpetual Counsel*; *contrary* to Oath, and *Law*; *and to cut off successive Parliaments*. To carry on the Project, they had *Armed* all sorts of *Libertines*, throughout the *Nation*, particularly, *threatning London with fire, and sword, if they should not comply*. Their barbarous purposes were *Disappointed*, by the *General's Re-introduction* of the *Secluded Members*: Together, with the united *rage* of the *people* against them. In this *hopeless* and *Deserted* condition, what they could not *effect* by *open Force*, they *attempted* by *Treachery*, and *Corruption*. They used all *Art*, and *Diligence*, during the *session*, both to *gain Opportunities*, and to *Improve* them; but being *over-voted* in the *Main*, They fell upon a more direct, and shameless method of Villany. — *They falsified the Lists of the Militia*: — *sollicited Petitions from the City, for their continuance*: — *Juggled the Army-Officers into a Tumult*: —— *Employed their Instruments to Destroy the General*; — *Mutinyed the Army, and the City*; *and Finally, they engaged a great part of the Souldjery to Remonstrate against the rest of the Nation*. But all too little, to *prevent* their *Dissolution*; or to *Disturb* our *Hopes* of *Settlement*.

The *General* hath approved himself, in the *calm, steady menage* of this *wild Affair, a Person worthy of all the Honour we can give him*. These *Brutish Libertines*, — finding all their *Plots Bubbled*, — their *Mines vented*, — their *Party, weak* and *heartless*, — *themselves Friendlesse abroad*, and *comfortlesse at home*, — as *Guilty*, and as *Desperate* as *Cain*; after the sad *despair* of any the least [illegible], *they are so pleased in the Contrivance of our Mischief, They're not dissolved*, they tell us, — *and attempt to meet again*: That's in vain; and now they come to their last shifts. *These Sense-lesse Cox-combs offer the Honest General the Instrument of Government*; as if, that *Noble, Generous Soul*, were to be wrought upon, to prostitute his *Honour*, and his *safety*; and all this, *to preserve a Kennel of such Reprobated, and Ridiculous Puppies*. I wonder, seriously, how these *Pimps*, and *Knights o'th' Post*, —— *Scot*, and *his Fellows*, scape the fury of the *People*: That *Rabbet-sucking Rascall*, with his *Fellow Cheats*, and *Pandars*; these are the Youths, Gentlemen, *that offer you like Doggs, to any Master, that will bestow the Haltering of you*. For shame, bethink yourselves.

To be as short as possible, thus far you're safe: but yet these *Tumblers* have not shew'd all their *Tricks*: their last Recourse, is to the *Forgery of Letters*; (but so ridiculously framed, they are rather argument of *Sport*, than *Anger*: for the *Brewer* is much better at a *Cheat*, than at a *Stratagem*) *There are diverse Scandalous Papers dispersed*, in the *Name* of the *King*; and *as the sense of the Royal Party*. You shall do well, to take notice, that nothing of *that Quality*, proceeds either from *Himself*, or his *Friends*. The *Project* is *Phanatique*, and tends only to hinder our *Expected*, and *Approaching Settlement*. To mention *One*, for *All*; there is a *Pamphlet of yesterday*, *Entituled* — — *News from Brussels, in a Letter from a near attendant on his Majestyes Person, to a Person of Honour Here* — **which casually became thus Publique.**

Do but observe this *Formal Noddy*, how he *Boggles* upon the very *Title-page*. — *How* **Casually**, *Good-man Sense-lesse?* Did it *Drop* into a *Printing House*, and *Publish it self?* — his *Title* is followed, with a *suitable Text*; of so Pityfull an *Ayre*, and *Fashion*, I am ashamed to confesse the reading of it. Indeed, I would advise the *Secretary*, rather to return to his *Placket-Politiques*, for he is not half so good at *State*, as *Bawdery*. To deliver his aim in other terms, for fear of giving the Reader a *Vomit*. The principal drift of his Discourse is, to *Personate a Royalist*, *Charging the Presbyterians with the murther of the King, and professing an Implacable Animosity against the whole party* -- Not to employ more subtilty than needs upon so Frivolous a Subject. Let this suffice.

Who *Murthered the King*, the Nation *knows*; and who Interposed to *save* him; — who they are, that at this Instant, *oppose* a *Settlement*, and who *Desire* it; — Nay more, we know, who cannot Live *under* a *Peaceable Government*, and who cannot Live *without* it: And it is fit to shew all honest people to distinguish.

Those, that have designed *us* for *Slavery*, it is but reason to marque *them* out for *Justice*: yet I should advise *tenderness*; where by *saving* a Few, *Infamous Malefactours*, we doe not *hazzard* a more *Considerable Losse*. *He that forgives them, extends his Charity, but he that Trusts a man of them, Betrayes his Country.*

March 24. 1659.

FINIS.